PAPER.

Paper! Paper! Paper!

Have just removed to their new, larg four-story warehouse, No. 18t Main et.

SEWING MACHINES

PRICE, FIFTY DOLLARS.

THE IMPROVEMENTS MADE ON THE placed it at the head of all competition, and to-day it is without a rival. It is as durable as steel and iron can make it. Every Machine of the late Case-Hardenned Finish is warrantee furnished with each Machine.

The above cut represents the late improved Machine, which rests flat with the table and runs light and rapidly, and makes the shuttle or lock stitch, uses straight needle, and the celebrated undersyred in stage so as to have a portion of the feed on both sides of the needle.

Remember the Fact.

Remember the Fact, that high prices (on sewing machines) do not indicate superiority. The combination, the ring, and the monopoly, all agree on high prices, which they, sooner or later, will be forced to reduce on account of the unprece-dented rapid and increasing sales of the

NEW WILSON SEWING MACHINE. Please call and examine even if you do not wish to purchase.

A full stock of Machine Twist Speel Cotton, Oil, Needles, etc., always on hand and for sale low.

BEACH & SUTHERLAND, 353 Main Street, South of Union. 64-63-xiv

MEMPHIS BUSINESS DIRECTORY. WINTER '71-'72.

LOTTERY OFFICE.

J. E. FRANCE-46% North Court st. Post-office box 147. HARDWARE, CUTLERY, ETC. ORGILL BROS. & CO. - Wholesale importers and jobhers, 310 and 312 Front, corner Monroe street.

DENTISTRY. DR. HINSON-Dentist. Office and residence, No. 233 Main street, Clay building. MASON AND PLASTERER.

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Also, hardware, etc. J. W. KINNEY, 348
Second street, opposite postoffice.

WAGONS. MILBURN, WALKER & CO.—Farm. planta-tion and spring wagons, wheelbarrows, etc., 37 Union street.

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A. HITZFELD & SON-Coal ell, mammoth oil, lamps, etc., 221 Second street.

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DRUGS, MEDICINES, ETC. J. B. HILLS—Wholesale druggist, 28I Main street, Memphis, Tenn. W. N. WILKERSON & CO.—Wholesale Drug-gists, 340 Main street. J. A. J. SMITH & CO.—Wholesale and re-tail drug stree, 225 Main street.

TEA, COPPEE AND SPICES. F. CAVANAGH & CO.—Succesors to Matthem Hunt & Co.—Wholesale dealers, 365 Main street, WALL PAPER-WINDOWSHADES

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L. M. DEAN & CO., successors to Dean, Baxter & Co.—Pictures, picture frames, cords, tassets, and artists' supplies, 331 and 333 Main street.

L'OUSE, SIGN. AND FRENCO
PAINTERS.

DEAN & CO., successors to Dean, Baxter & Co., S'I and 398 Main street.

A. F. DAV 18, 281 Second street.-Particular attention given to calcimining walls in any color.

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M. C. COSTILLC—City Sale Stables, 61 Mon-roe street. Over 0000 head of stock sold at

roe street. Over the head of stock this stable in the past season.
G. BRIDGES & CO., proprietors; D. D. Dismukes, sole agent and manager—79, 81, 83 and 85 Mource street. Stock bought and sold on commission.
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WORSHA'M HOUSE-White & Schley, proprieto v; corner Main and Adams streets.
Board, \$2 50 per day.
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H. J. WARD. & CO.—Agr. 'cultural implements. etc., 225 Second str. 'ed.

OTTO SCHWILL & CO.—Agric. ditural implements, hone dust, land plast. T. otc., 177

Main street. PLANOS AND MUNICAL MER-CHANDINE.

LEOPOLD GOEPEL STO Main street. Planos tuned, and all kinds musical instrum, into repaired.

wilcox & GIBBS—Improved Noiseless Sewing machines, 573 Main street.
HARMON & MORTON—Agents Florence Sewing machines, 213 Main street.
GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine Company, 315 Main st. C. O. Vallentine, Ag t. FISH, GAME, OYSTERS, ETC. H. T. SINNOTT, 232 Second street. All kinds of second-hand furniture bought.

PAINTS, OILS, BRUSHES, ETC. COLE & CO.—Removed to 332 Second street. Window glass, white lead, and all kinds of painters material. PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FIT.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND PRINTING.
OYLE & CHAPMAN-279% Main street.

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ELLIOTT & RIDGELY—Berlin asphyr wools
and embroiders materials, 119 Main street ry materials, 119 Main stres GENERAL RAILROAD OFFICES.
MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON R. R.—
Ticket omee 275 Main street.
ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.—Ticket omee
224 Jefferson street.

JEWALERS. L. MICHOT-Practical watchmaker and optician, 20714 Main street. HE "JET PALACE"-I. Rosscher & Co Jet and fancy jewelry, 33 Main, between Union and Mouroe streets.

ROESCHER-Manufacturer of and dealer in custom made and Eastern boots and shoes, 356 Main street.

LEAVHER AND FINDINGS. ROESCHER-2855 Main street. ATSON'S - 14 Jefferen street. Choice wines, liquers, cigars, etc. Fins old stock ple un droft

MEMPHIS, TENN.: SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 27, 1872. VOL. XIII. PUBLIC LEDGER.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER IS PUBLISHED every afternoon (except Sunday) by

E. WHITMORE, At No. 13 Madison street.

The Purite Lapour is served to city subscribers by faithful carriers at FIFTEEN CENTS PER WERE, payable weekly to the carriers. By mail (in advance): Jus. year, 85; six months. \$4; three months. \$2; one month. 76 cents. Newsdealers supplied at 2% cents per copy.

Weekly Public Ledger,

Published every Tuesday at \$2 per annum (in advance): clubs of five or more, \$150. Communications upon subjects of general interest to the public are at all times accept-able. ele. Rejected manuscripts will nor be returned.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN DAILY.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN WERKLY. Eight lines of nonpareil, solid, constitute a

quare.
Displayed advertisements will be charged
coording to the SPACE occupied, at above
ates—there being twelve lines of solid type to Notices in local column inserted for twenty cents per line for each insertion.

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To regular advertisers we offer superior inducements, both as to rate of charges and manner of displaying their favors.

All bills for advertising are due when contracted and payable on demand.

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E. WHITMORE,

Publisher and Proprietor.

"BECAUSE." Translated from Victor Hugo's "Pais qu' toute ame," by James Freeman Clarke,

Because—every soui
Feels incessant desire
To give to some other
Its fragrance and fire; Because—all things give, Below and above Their roses or thorns To that which they love:

Because-May gives music To murmuring streams.
And Night, to our pains,
Gives Nepenthe in dreams!

Because—the sky gives
The bird to the bower,
And morn drops the dew
In the cup of the flower; Because—when the grave
Falls asleep on the strand,
It trembles, and gives
A kiss to the land—

For these reasons, my own,
My heart is inclined
To give the best
I have in my mind.

I give my sad thoughts.

My griefs, and my fears;
Take these, as the earth
Takes the night's shower of tears.

Of my 'nfinite longing,
Take, dearest, thy part:
Take my light and my shadow,
O child of my heart!

Take the unalloyed trust
Which our intercourse blesses:
And take all my sougs,
With their tender caresses. Take my soul, which moves on Without sail or oar,

But pointing to thee As its star evermore. And take, 0 my darling. My precious, my own, This beart, which would perish, It's love being gone.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is the best and cheapest hair-dressing in the world.

One of Mark Twain's Anecdotes [Whistle wherever the stars occur. If you can't, get somebody that can.] He said that several gentlemen were conversing in a hotel parlor, and one man sat there who didn't have anything to say. By and by the gentlemen all

went out except one of the number and the silent man. Presently the silent man reached and touched the gentleman and says, I think, sir. I have seen you somewhere before. I am not arre where it was or when sure where it was or when it was but I know I have seen you." The gentleman says: "Very likely; but what do you whistle for?"
"" I'll tell you all about it
I used to stammer fearfully, and I courted a girl and she wouldn't have me because I was afflicted with such an infirmity. I went to a doctor and he told me that every time I went to stammer that I must whistle, which I did, and it completely cured me. But don't you know that girl wouldn't have me at last, for she said that

conversation with a wheelbarrow that wanted greasing." The Nine Muses,

she wouldn't talk to a man that whistled as I did. "She'd as soon hold a

The muses were originally but three in rumber, Mnemosyne, memory; Melete, meditation, and Acte, song. They were augmented to nine, because the inhabitants of their ancient town being dearous of placing in the temple of Apollo the statues of those three muses, they commissioned three celebrated sculptors VICTOR D. FUCHS—Deput 41 Jefferson st.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETC.

H. T. SINNOTT, 22 Second street. All kinds of recond-hand furniture bought.

PAINTS, OILS, BRUSHES, ETC.

COLE & CO.—Removed to 32 Second street. Window glass, white lead, and all kinds of painters' material.

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FIT.

M. LUNN—Removed to 23 Second street.
Jefferson block.

M. COLES, STATIONERY AND

one instrumental and working staff are not yet ready for a pressure of messages.

The sum of \$5236 has been subscribed for the erection of a suitable memorial at the Virginia Military insiliant career and heraic death during that the remained heraic death during that are made his name famous.

BEST—WERE AWADDRS

Amager Rosa's little has been subscribed for his curls jauntily, and viewed himself, not ill-pleasad in the moodily pulling at a eigar, and contemplating the feasibility of leaving quiet warburgh to avoid the girl's sarcasm. "I was a fool," quoth Kenneth aloud, but warburgh to avoid the girl's sarcasm. "I was a fool," quoth Kenneth aloud, but was have been subscribed for his curls jauntily, and viewed himself, not ill-pleasad in the moodily pulling at a eigar, and contemplating the feasibility of leaving quiet warburgh to avoid the girl's sarcasm. "I was a fool," quoth Kenneth aloud, but was a fool, "quoth Kenneth aloud, but was a fool, "and the foot her hand, coming from other was footherwise quite a decent fit, if a fellow the warburgh to avoid the girl sarcasm." I was a fool, "quoth Kenneth aloud, but was a fool, "quoth Kenneth aloud, bu

KERNETH'S AMBUSCADE.

A Charming Story.

"Three girls domiciled in the very

"Three girls domiciled in the very next room. There's an end of my writing for one month at least."

Kenneth Ross pushed his papers into a confused heap, and lighted a cigar in a sort of quiet despair.

"There are my cousins, Flora, Alice, Aymer and Rosa Fernall—blue eyes, black eyes and melting gray. By the way, that monkey Rosa isn't bad looking. I rather fancy that peculiar shade of filbert brown hair, and big gray eyes, and cheeks where the blood flutters like a pink pennon. Rosa Fernall would make a tolerable good study for my next heroine—I may as well put her to some useful purpose. Heigho!"

Kenneth Ross paused a moment, as the peal of girlish laughter echoed in the adjoining apartment.

"They are laughing at me. I'll wager my opal scarf. Girls always think a bachelor fair game; they have no more respect for the dignity of a man than so

respect for the dignity of a man than so many Brazilian monkeys!" And Mr. Ross looked rather complacently in the mirror opposite, which re-flected an oval brown face, with shin-ing black hair, and mustache, brilliant dark eyes, and a mirthful, spirited mouth.

Tap! tap! tap! sounded softly on the panel of his door even while he was engaged in taking this personal survey of himself, and he had just time to take his feet off the table before Miss Flora Edgeworth put her sunshiny little head

"I just want the girls to see what a dear little scholarly den you have got here, all hung with pictures, meer-schaums and deer's horns, and darling,

dismal skulls, and-Flora threw open the door and admitted her companions—rosy, laughing damsels of eighteen and twenty-one.

"Here he is, girls; the old bachelor, as he appears in his native wilds!"

"Now, I tell you what, young ladies," said Mr. Ross, throwing his half smoked cigar deliberately out of the window, "I must trouble you to be a little less un-

boots."

"Oh my, girls!" twittered Miss Edgeworth, ecstatically, "here's a bottle of real Farina cologne. Out with your pocket handkerchiefs—be quick!"

But Mr. Ross preserved a stately si-

"Don't be cross, Kenneth," said Flora sprinkling a scented dew on her yellow curls from the slender, foreign-shaped bottle, "We're going to the postoffice now. Rosa Fernall has written a twelvepage letter to her sweetheart out in

anada—"
"Flora!" exclaimed Rosa Fernall, turning scarlet. "And," pursued the releutless Flora, we're going to post it. Come, girls, the sun is getting more oppressive every

And the next moment Mr. Ross was room, with heavy musk roses nodding at the open casement, and the dreamy of maple boughs and far-off

bees in his ear. "A twelve-page letter to her sweet-heart," pondered Mr. Kenneth with a very ominous contraction of his eye-brows.

"She must have had something very interesting to write. I wonder who he is.

Canada, eh? I wish it was Van Dieman's Land."

Mr. Ross rose from his easy chair, and began to walk up and down the

"It's too confounded hot to breather here!" he said impatiently taking up his straw hat, "I'll go and take a tramp in the woods. Twelve pages! what could she have found to fill up twelve pages?"

Flora Edgeworth had succeeded in planting a thorn in her cousin's breast, all unconscious though she had been.

The sun was low in the cloudless west-ers sky, when Kenneth Ross returned from his abstracted ramble in the woods, and the wide, old-fashioned country house was very still, as he ascended the oaken staircase, and went absently along the corridor toward his own apartment. "Hallo!"

Mr. Ross gazed vacantly around the noon with something of the bewildered feeling that might have belonged to the eastern prince, when he found himself transported from pele to pole in an enchanted dream.

"I'm in the wrong room. I do believe."

"I'm in the wrong room, I do believe, for there is Flora Edgeworth's white zephyr shawl on the bed, and Rosa's black velvet Derby hat, and no end of ribbons and gloves, and lace callars on the bureau. I don't see how I ever came Mr. Ross had torn off his feminine adorn-

"So this is the fashionable style of the chapeau, ch? It certainly is a fact that women borrow their dress ideas nowadays from the nobler sex. This is just a fac simile of my last summer's tile, and that little sacque, with the big horn buttons, is my cutaway coat over again. I wonder now whether Rosa's literature.

Alice Aymer.

Rosa—strange little piece of contradiction—had began to cry.

"Poor little thing, she's hysterical," said Aunt Meg, who had just appeared to the scene.

But Rosa Fernall was not hysterical.

The full delicious moon of a sourceal was in the mid ball to make the mid

six inches, but I can hold it up. I wonder what makes the thing drag on the floor and hang round one's legs so. Oh. I know, the crinoline ought to go under."

For the "dignity of manhood" we are reluctant to chronicle the fact that our hero, intent on the tableau solitaire, did actually then and there proceed to the closet, and piratically take down a hoopskirt, which he solemnly put on!

"Jupiter! how comical it feels!" he ejaculated, with an amused face; "why. I should not dare to go within a yard of a vase or statuette, and I'm quite certain I should swamp all the chairs and tables I came near. Bother this trailing muslim—always in the way."

For Mr. Ross had unthinkingly plunged his masculine boot through the delicate fabric of the dress.

"I'm nest certain but that I should."

"But," pursued Mr. Ross, "I'll stay if—if—you'll only tell me to my face what you told my cousin when I was hidden away like a foolish rat in a trap, Rosa. Speak to me, little one!"

"What shall I tell you?" faltered Rosa.

"That you love me! that you will be my dear and cherished wife!"

And she told me so, in the language lovers best like to hear.

And Mr. Kenneth Ross stayed in Warburgh and braved the ridicule of Alice and Flora, with little Rosa marshalled on his side.

But he never read the girls any more homilies on the dignity of manhood or the majesty of human nature.

To use Miss Flora's expressive language, "it wouldn't have gone down."

LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION.

fabric of the dress.

"I'm not certain but that I should

And Mr. Kenneth Ross, totally oblivious of the majesty of man, fled precipitately into the closet, tumbling over his crinoline and muslin in a most disastrous manner, and hopelessly splitting open the seams of poor Alice's sacque.

"Why the deuce didn't I think to secure the key?" he thought, as the girls streamed into the room. "However, I can hold tight on to the door handle if any one attempts to get in. If—by

Once preached for a clergyman who had sickness and death in his house, and declining the customary fee, told a member of the consistory to give it to the afflicted brother. The afflicted brother never got the money. A minister preached extra sermons at a watering place hotel, and the boarders made up a purse for him. Amount deducted from salary.

Fisk's First Mistake.

French 3

ready laughing over the rather illegible chirography.

Miss Fernall stood near the door, a little confused, and very pretty, in her blushes and uncertainty.

"Alice! Flora! don't!" she appealed.

"It's no use, Miss Rosa," said Kenneth, desparingly, it' Girls, will you be so kind as to leave my writing desk alone? There is no use looking in that drawer, either, unless you are particularly interested in blacking-brushes and old boots."

"Oh my, girls!" twittered Miss."

"Alice! Flora! don't!" she appealed.

"It's no use, Miss Rosa," said Kenneth, desparingly, it's Girls, will you be so kind as to leave my writing desk alone? There is no use looking in that drawer, either, unless you are particularly interested in blacking-brushes and old boots."

"Oh, Flora, he don't compare with Mr. Ross."

"Said he, "James, the stable."

Said he, "James, the stable."

"I don't know, pop," said James, "I never have done it."

"Well, my boy, if you will do it this morning I'll give you this bright silver dollar, said his father, patting him on the head, while he held the silver dollar before his eyes.

"Good," says James, "I'll try," and away he went to work. He tugged, and pulled, and lifted a

Flora! "Tell me, now, honestly." The answer came in a low, half inaudible voice—
"Kenneth!"
The heart under Alice's sacque gave a

great joyous leap. Mr. Kenneth Ross' head came in conhis occupant.

that, sobbed Flora. "Call Uncle John some hours. see what it is."

"No, you look," faltered Alice, re-treating behind the buread.
"I'll look myself," said Rosa Fernall, bravely advancing to the rescue. But when the door handle refused to turn even she blanched.

"Some one is holding the door inside

Call the men." "There is no necessity," quoth a voice from behind the pannels. And the next moment the closed door flew open, and crinoline, and a counte nance whose utter sheepishness can never be described was disclosed to their

Cousin Ken!" shrieked Flora. Mr. Ross," faltered Miss Fernall. "Why, it can't be possible," ejaculated And then the three girls clung to each other in paroxysms of laughter.

"The fact is, ladies," commenced Kenneth, confusedly, "I—won't some one help me off with this mouse-trap of a hoop-skirt? Miss Alice, I'm very sorry

was deepening into scarlet.

She had just remembered the words carclessly spoken in that very room not

to make such a blunder—I must have ment and fled ignominiously, followed by been in a brown study!" ment and fled ignominiously, followed by the peals of laughter of his cousin and

guage, "it wouldn't have gone down."

"I'm not certain but that I should make quite a nice looking woman," mused Kenneth, strutting backward and forward before the mirror, with his Derby hat balanced daintily, and the blue mustlin revealing about a foot and a half of calf-skin boot and trousers. "On the whole!—Tomb of the prophet! Is that the girls?"

Mr. Ross gave a blindly desperate jerk at his sacque, and a pull at the crinoline, but all in vain.

The sweet gay voices, intermingled here and there with a ringing laugh, or a snatch of song, drew nearer and nearer.

For an instant Mr. Ross wildly contemplated a rush through the hall to his salary. At a donation party a second contemplated a rush through the hall to his salary. At a donation party a second contemplated a rush through the hall to his salary. At a donation party a second contemplated a rush through the hall to his salary. At a donation party a second contemplated a rush through the hall to his salary. At a donation party a second contemplated a rush through the hall to his salary. At a donation party a second contemplated a rush through the hall to his salary. At a donation party a second contemplated a rush through the hall to his salary. At a donation party a second contemplated a rush through the hall to his salary. Tap! tap! sounded softly on the panel of his door even while he was engaged in taking this personal survey of templated a rush through the hall to his own door, but a moment's reflection consistent of the table before Miss Flora Edgeworth put her sunshiny little head into the room.

"Cousin Kenneth, are you there?"
"Yes."

"May we come in?"
"May we come in?"
"May we come in whether I grant permission or not, and may as well say-yes."

"And Mr. Kenneth Ross, totally obli-

any one attempts to get in. If—by
Jove—the girls should see me in this
rig, I should never hear the last of it.
I don't see, either, why I'm obliged to
play the caves-dropper against my will."
He leaned up against the shelves and
hereathlessels awaited the progress of
Said the colonel, "When I was a little
boy on the Vermont farm, my father
took me up to the stable one day, where
a row of cows stood in the stable."
Said the colonel, "When I was a little
boy on the Vermont farm, my father
took me up to the stable one day, where
a row of cows stood in the stable."
Said the colonel, "When I was a little
boy on the Vermont farm, my father
took me up to the stable one day, where oy on the Vermont farm, my father Preserves, Said he. "James, the stable window is pretty high for a boy, but do you think you could take this shovel and clean the

"Your sweetheart. Well, he ought to be, I'm sure. Mr. Simon Montrose is the handsomest young man I know."

"Oh, Flora, he don't compare with Mr. Ross."

"Rosa Fernall, be honest," said Flora, speaking indistinctly, with two or three hair pins in her cherry mouth, "which do you like the best, cousin Ken. or Simon Montrose?"

"Flora!"

"Flora!"

"Good," says James, "Fill try," and away he went to work. He tagged, and pulled, and lifted, and puffed; and, finally, it was done, and his father gave him the bright silver dollar, saying:

"That's right, James; you did it splendidly, and now I find you can do it so nicely, I shall have you do it every morning all winter!"

A sentimental editor thus raves: A woman has no more bewitching grace than a sweet laugh. It leaps from her heart in a clear sparkling rill; and the heart that ting spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by Mr. Kenneth Ross' head came in contact with something on the upper shelf, found? We have. And we are pursuand down came a rain of band-boxes on ing that wandering voice to this day. metimes it comes to us in the mids There was an instant's terrified silence, of care, or sorrow, or irksome business and then all the girls began to scream in and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power enough to scare away the ill spirits of the mind. How "How silly we all are!" said Ross, tremulqusty; "it is only the cat."

"As if a cat could make such a noise as that," sobbed Flora, "Call Uncle John flings showers of sunshine over its dark."

"As if a cat could make such a noise as that," sobbed Flora, "Call Uncle John flings showers of sunshine over its dark."

> STOVES. IF YOU WANT A COOKING STOVE -BE SURE AND-



BUCK'S BRILLIANT

COOKING STOVES, A PTER ACTUAL TRIAL WITH THE leading stores of the country, have been proven to be, without a doubt, the

Best Cooking Stoves ever Made and wherever used the finest bread is always

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- IS GUARANTEED TO -Bake Better Bread, SOUTHERN FARMER! - PER-

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-SOLD BY-RISK & JOHNSON General Agents and Dealers in all kinds of cooking and heating stoves, state and from mantels, grates, theware, limited and tim-hers stock, and also agents for the celebrated

EVERY STOVE FULLY QUARANTEED.

"BUCK'S GUARANTEE," good

No. 306 Main Street,

WM. DEAN & CO. DEALERS IN

of Ch



Choice Greceries, Teas,

PROVISIONS.

and 221 Third St

217,219

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Hand a Choice Selection of Rnelish and Fisk used to tell about his first mis- French Mustard. Dried Fruit, English and TEA PINE Pure Holland and Domestic Gin.

Old Bourbon Irish Whiskies, Appleand Peach Brandy. California. French and Spanish Wines. Hostetter, Bayarian and Plantation bitters. Genuine French and

B. K. PLAIN.

London and Bublin Porter, Edinburg Ale, Claret and Ginger Wine. Goods delivered free of charge to any part of the city or suburbs.

PETER H. DONNELLY & CO., 189 Poplar Street, 1st bouse cast of starket.

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MENTHIS, TENN., January 1, 1872.

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THE

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